A

Dramatick Entertainment,

CALL'D THE

NECROMANCER:

OR,

Harlequin, Doctor *Faustus*.

As Perform'd at the

THEATRE ROYAL

In *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

The Third EDITION.

To which is PREFIX'D,
A short Account of Doctor *Faustus*; and how he came to be reputed a MAGICIAN.

LONDON:
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A SHORT ACCOUNT OF Doctor *Fauſtus*, &c.

IF Dr. *Fauſtus* was ambitious of being thought a *Necromancer*, it was no very hard Matter, at the Time in which he liv'd to obtain ſuch a Character; and *Tradition* has been very faithful in upporting that Honour to him, which *Ignoance* and *Credulity* were, at firſt, ſo forward to ive into.

He was born in *Germany*, about the Begining of the 14th *Century*, a Period of Dullneſs nd Barbariſm. *Monkery* and *Impoſition* pre-

vail'd much stronger than, perhaps, they ever wil again: And Knowledge was in so few Hands that an *uncommon* Share of *Learning*, or *uncommon Qualifications*, were sufficient to mak a Man be thought a *Conjurer*.

Add to this, That *Faustus* took his Studie at *Cracovia*, a Place in *Germany*, where, a we are told, the Art of MAGICK was formerl profess'd, and taught in publick Schools. H turn'd his occult Qualities to the best Accoun he could; and as the Age was easy to swallo the Belief of his *supernatural* Power, he stroll' about from Place to Place, both to propagat his *Reputation*, and enhance his *Profit*.

What particular Artifices he was Master o are but very darkly handed down to us; an some Circumstances, that are related, are s *absurd*, that they will scarce bear a secon Telling.

'Tis certain, *Superstition* look'd upon him a a Person in League with *Infernal Spirits*, an acting a thousand strange Things by their Assi stance. * LONICERUS, in his Zeal, calls him most *unclean Beast*, and a *Sink* of *many Devils* and says, that he had a *Familiar* always atten ding him in the Shape of a Dog. That his In chantments and Diabolical Practices had like t have drawn a Prosecution upon him, and that h

* *In his* Theatrum Historicum, *translated from the* German Andreas Hondorff.

ver

very narrowly escaped being seiz'd at *Wittemberg*. The same Author has given us an Account of his Death, as remarkable as any thing else that is recorded of him. The Night before he dyed, his Landlord taking Notice that he appear'd very melancholy, was importunate to know the Occasion: But *Faustus* waving a direct Answer, bad his Landlord not to be frighten'd that Night, whatever Noise he heard, or however the House should be shaken. When the Morning came, *Faustus* was found dead in his Apartment, with his Neck twisted round.

† WIERUS, in the Account which he gives of *Faustus*, relates his putting a Trick upon a Chaplain, in a Story which proves rather his *waggish* and *unlucky* Disposition, than any *Confederacy* with the Devil. And ‡ CAMERARIUS likewise, who recounts an Action of him, in which, if it was true, some *Magical Deception* must have been used; Yet gives his Story such a Turn, that he owns the Thing *ridiculous*, tho' *diabolical*. Both of them, however, seem to espouse the receiv'd Opinion of his being a *Magician:* And the latter of them relates the Manner of his Death, as if he thought that he was strangled by the Devil, upon the Expiration of his *Contract*.

|| Another Author gives us yet greater Reason to suspect, that *Faustus* not only profess'd Magick,

† *De Præstigiis Dæmonum.* ‡ *Opera Subcisiva: Centuriâ Prima.*
|| *Joh. Manlius in Collectaneis suis.*

but

but grew presumptious upon the Opinion of his extraordinary Power. For, at *Venice*, he gave out that he would fly thro' the Air, and accordingly put his Promise into Execution. But the Devil, or his Skill, so failed him in his pretended Flight, that he was dash'd violently against the Ground, and almost bruis'd to Death with his Fall.

Thus far, all the Writers (at least, all that I have met with) who strike in with the Superstition of his being a Magician: But a later Writer, ‡ (in a Tract printed at *Wittemberg*, in 1683.) has examin'd what Credit is to be given to these Relations: And whether there ever was such a Sorcerer, as *Faustus* is pretended to have been. I must confess, I have not been able to meet with this Piece; so cannot tell to what Cause he imputes the *Tradition* of *Faustus* being reputed a *Conjurer*.

But this Author is not the only Person who had a Suspicion of the *Fable*: And therefore I shall subjoin here a probable Narrative, how *Faustus* came into such Vogue and Reputation at that time of Day.

About the middle of the 14th *Century*, LAURENCE COSTER, at *Mentz* in *Germany*, invented the Rudiments of *Printing*; which was at first in *Gothick* Characters, and resembling the

‡ *Johannes Georg. Neumannus in Dissertat. de Fausto Præstigiatore.*

Hand-

and-Writings used at that Time. As soon as e had improv'd his Art to some Degree of Perction, JOHN FAUSTUS, who work'd under him, nd who is probably the same who has since btained the Title of *Doctor* FAUSTUS) took the pportunity of the *Christmas-Vigils*, stole all s Master's *Types* and other Implements, and ade off with them. In a few Years, *Faustus* ith these Materials, printed off an Edition of e Bible upon Parchment, and carried it with m to *Paris*.

As this new Invention had yet got no Air in at Country, it was a Surprize to find *Faustus* roffer his Books to Sale at a Price ten times wer than they had ever paid for Manuscripts. s the *Impression* too so nearly resembled the *and-Writing* then in Use; and as, upon omparison, they found every Copy so exactly e same, not a Stop differing, nor a Letter ore in one Page than another, they grew tonish'd to see such a Number of Bibles all *ranscrib'd*, as they thought, by *one* Hand: A abour that would have requir'd more Time to ccomplish, than the Life of a *Patriarch*.

The Consequence of this was, that they wisey suspected, *Faustus* must have dealt with the *Devil*, and hereupon accus'd him of *Magick*. He, apprehending the Danger of such a Prosecution, fled from *Paris*, return'd into *Germany*, nd there undertook to teach the Art of *Printing*.

Who-

Whoever is desirous of reading this Part o his Story more at large, may find it in the *Annales Typographici*, &c. publish'd about fou Years ago, by Mr. MATTAIRE.

The Theatres having reviv'd the Memory o *Faustus*, by drawing him into their *Grotesques* I thought some Curiosity might be excited o knowing who he was: And that therefore thi short Account might be acceptable, prefix'd t an *Entertainment*, which takes its Name fro *Him*.

Th

Dramatis Personæ.

Infernal Spirit.	Mr. LEVERIDGE.
Helen.	Mrs. CHAMBERS.
A Good and *A Bad* } *Spirit.*	

Leander.	Mr. LA GUERRE.
Hero.	Mrs. CHAMBERS.
Charon.	Mr. LEVERIDGE.

THE NECROMANCER: OR, *Harlequin*, Doctor *Faustus*.

SCENE, A Study.

The Doctor discover'd reading at a Table.

A GOOD *and* BAD SPIRIT *appear.*

Good SPIRIT.

Faustus! thy good Genius warns,
Break off in time; pursue no more
An Art, that will thy Soul ensnare.

Bad SPIRIT.

Faustus, go on: That Fear is vain:
Let thy great Heart aspire to trace
Dark Nature to her secret Springs,
Till Knowledge make thee deem'd a God.

[*Good and Bad Spirit disappear: The Doctor uses Magical Motions, and an Infernal Spirit rises.*

Infernal SPIRIT.

Behold! thy pow'rful Charms prevail,
And draw me from the Deeps below,
To listen to thy great Command.
On easy Terms the King of Night
Is pleas'd thy mighty Wand t'obey,
And offers to divide his Pow'r.

Sign thy Consent his Sway to own,

[*Shews a Paper.*

Ten thousand Demons stand prepar'd,
Thro' Seas, thro' Air, thro' raging Fires,
To start, and execute thy Will.

Good SPIRIT.

O *Faustus!* fear the dread Event. [*Within.*

Infernal SPIRIT.

Think, what Renown, what Treasures wait (thee;
Each glitt'ring Vein, that Earth infolds,
Shall spread its ripen'd Ores for thee.

Good SPIRIT.

Think, Vengeance is offended Heav'n's! [*Within.*

Infernal SPIRIT.

Heav'n envies not poor Mortals Bliss.
Thy Spirit is dull: —Our Art shall chear thee,
And chase this unavailing Gloom.

INCAN-

INCANTATION.

Arise! ye subtle Forms, that sport
Around the Throne of sable Night:
Whose Pleasures in her silent Court,
Are unprophan'd with baleful Light.

Arise! the Schreech-Owl's Voice proclaims,
Darkness is in her awful Noon:
The Stars keep back their glimm'ring Flames,
And Veils of Clouds shut in the Moon.
Arise! ye subtle, &c.

[Here *Furies* rise, and dance, and then vanish.

Infernal SPIRIT.

Still art thou sad? — awake to Joy:
[*Strikes the Table, and it appears cover'd with Gold, Crowns, Sceptres, &c.*
See! — Wealth unbounded courts thy Hand.
Is it despis'd? — Then other Charms,

With

With full Delight, ſhall feaſt thy Senſe.

[*Waves his Wand.*

Helen, appear ; in Bloom and Grace
Lovely, as when thy Beauties ſhone,
And fir'd the amorous Prince of *Troy*.

[*The Spirit of* HELEN *riſes.*

HELEN.

Why am I drawn from bliſsful Shades,
Where happy Pairs the circling Hours
In never-fading Tranſports wear,
And find Delights with Time renew ?
Say, what deſerving Youth to bleſs,
Is *Helen* call'd to Earth again ?
Shew me the dear inchanting Form,
Where Truth and Conſtancy reſide,
And I embrace the noble Flame.

Cupid ! *God of pleaſing Anguiſh,*
Teach th' enamour'd Swain to languiſh,
Teach him fierce Deſires to know.

Heroes

Heroes would be loſt in Story,
Did not Love inſpire their Glory,
Love does all that's great below.

[The *Doctor* preparing to addreſs *Helen* with Fondneſs, the *Infernal Spirit* interpoſes.

Infernal SPIRIT.

Hold; —and the Terms of Pleaſure know;
This Contract ſign, thy Faith to bind,
[*Offers the Paper.*
Then revel in Delight at large,
And give a looſe to Joy.

[*The* Doctor *gazing at* Helen, *ſigns the Paper, and gives it to the* Infernal Spirit: *After which attempting to approach* Helen, *the Phantom of* Envy *interferes. The* Doctor *ſtarts, and turns in Surprize to the* Infernal Spirit, *who ſinks laughing, as having deceiv'd him. The* Doctor *retires diſcontented, and the Scene cloſes.*

SCENE

SCENE,

The DOCTOR's *School* of *MAGICK*.

Several Scholars seated on each Side of the Stage, to see the Power of his Art. The Doctor *waves his Wand, and the Spirits of* HERO *and* LEANDER *rise.*

LEANDER.

ENough have our disastrous Loves
Felt the Severities of Fate:
Drench'd in the Salt and Swelling Surge,
We found one common Grave.—And now,
If what the Poets sing be true,
In flow'ry Fields, the Seats assign'd
For happy Souls, shall we enjoy
A long Eternity of Blis.

HERO.

Grant me, ye Pow'rs, where e'er my Lot is (plac'd,
To have my lov'd *Leander* there,
And I no other Bliss require.

LEANDER.

O charming *Hero!* Times to come
Shall celebrate thy Name:
And Lovers dwell upon the Praise
Of thy unequall'd Constancy.

While on ten thousand Charms I gaze,
With Love's Fires my Bosom burns:

But ah! so bright thy Virtues blaze,
Love to Adoration turns.

While on ten thousand Charms I gaze,
With Love's Fires my Bosom burns:

HERO.

HERO.

O my Soul's Joy! To hold thee thus,
Repays for all my Sorrows paſt:
Crown'd with this Pleaſure, I forgive
The raging Wind and daſhing Stream,
And welcome Death, that brings me back to thee.
Bleſt in thy Arms, the gloomy Vales,
Where ſhudd'ring Ghoſts with Horror glide;
Gay as *Elyſium* ſeem to ſmile,
And all is Paradiſe around.

Ceaſe, injurious Maids, to blame
A Fondneſs which you ne'er have known:

Feel but once the Lover's Flame,
The Fault will ſoon become your own.

Ceaſe, injurious Maids, to blame
A Fondneſs which you ne'er have known:

CHARON *rises to them.*

CHARON.

What mean this whining, pining Pair,
Must I for you detain my Fare?
Or do your Wisdoms think my Wherry,
Should wait your Time to cross the Ferry?

LEANDER.

Charon, thy rigorous Humour rule.

CHARON.

And stand to hear a Love-sick Fool,
Talk o'er the Cant of Flames, —and Darts,—
And streaming Eyes, —and bleeding Hearts?
Give o'er this Stuff.—Why, what the Devil!
Won't drowning cure this amorous Evil?
I thought, when once Men's Heads were laid,
Their Passions with their Lives had fled:
But find, tho' Flesh and Blood no more,
The Whims i'th' Brain maintain their Pow'r.

HERO.

Oh! could thy ſavage Nature meaſure
The Joys of Love, th' inchanting Pleaſure.

CHARON.

No Doubt, ye Women may diſcover
Pleaſures in a ſubſtantial Lover;
But what great Tranſports can you boaſt,
To find from One, that is, at moſt,
But a thin, unperforming Ghoſt?
Away; for, on the diſtant Shore,
Pluto expects my Cargo o'er:
The crowded Boat but waits for you;
Come, join with its fantaſtick Crew.

Ghoſts of ev'ry Occupation,
Ev'ry Rank, and ev'ry Nation,
Some with Crimes all foul and ſpotted,
Some to happy Fates allotted,
Preſs the Stygian *Lake to paſs.*

Here a Soldier roars like Thunder,
Prates of Wenches, Wine, and Plunder:
Statesmen here the Times accusing;
Poets Sense for Rhymes abusing;
Lawyers chatt'ring,
Courtiers flatt'ring,
Bullies ranting,
Zealots canting,
Knaves and Fools of ev'ry Class!

[*At the End of the Air*, Hero, Leander, *and* Charon *vanish.*

[Doctor

[Doctor *waves his Wand, and the Scene is converted to a Wood; a monstrous Dragon appears, and from each Claw drops a* Dæmon, *representing divers* Grotesque *Figures; several Female Spirits rise in Character to each Figure, and join in Antick Dance. As they are performing, a Clock strikes, the* Doctor *is seiz'd, hurried away by Spirits, and devour'd by the Monster, which immediately takes Flight; and while it is disappearing, Spirits vanish, and other* Dæmons *rejoice in the following Words:*

Now triumph Hell, and Fiends be gay,
The Sorc'rer is become our Prey.

At the End of the Chorus *the Curtain falls.*

FINIS.